The Springtime of Physick

LAURANCE D. REDWAY, M.D.

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The Springtime of Physick

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Diverting Outline of Medicine and Surgery

by

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TO
MY WIFE
WHO HAS LET ME ALONE
THIS BOOK
IS
DEDICATED

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The study of medicine in the home has become more or less of a lost art in these days of esoteric culture. Outlines of philosophy, ceramics, comparative philology, banking, and silkworm culture may be had for the asking by the public and are almost, one might say, as readily purchasable as a drink of whiskey, very nearly as stimulating, and only about one-half as dangerous. But medicine and surgery are still in the hands of doctors. Little or nothing is known about them by the general public; a disgraceful condition. In all fairness it must be acknowledged that a certain small percentage of that public has shown a commendable initiative in various portions of the country by establishing night classes for the study of chiropractic, refusing to be kept in ignorance of medical facts by an intellectual hierarchy. But this is a mere beginning, a scratching of the surface.

Yet any one who reads the papers can see for himself that with the increase of crimes of violence, the increase in alcoholic poisonings, the increase in slovenly and half-baked suicides, murders, and assorted killings of one variety or another, the necessity for more general information and a wider spread of medical culture than heretofore is becoming not only desirable but imperative.

In almost any home, brothel, or nightclub, even on the street or in the office an emergency may occur, and the average man or woman find him- or her-self not alone unable to do anything about it, but even to talk about it afterwards in an enlightened, cultured and informative manner.

This deplorable state of affairs, amounting even to a disgrace in this day and age, is due directly to the failure of the medical profession to provide an avid public with a suitable Outline of Medicine and Surgery. A simple thing in itself, yet to date unaccomplished in spite of the crying necessity. And to this task the author of this work unequivocally dedicates his heart and hand in the hope that the public will eventually come to appreciate the blessing he has conferred upon it.

Πρέφασε Φδ̃ρ θε Ιντελλιγέντζια νω̂τ Εξκλύδινγ Δώκτω̃ρς.*

Τὸ θω̃σε όφ ὃ τὸ ώ̃υμ θέσε πρέσεντς σ'αλλ κόμε γρέετινγ:

Ιτ' ὶς περα̃πς τὸ βὲ εχπέκτεδ θα̣τ ὃ σὼυλδ αππρώαχ θèσε λέττερς ῖν τὼο ςέριωυς ανδ τω̃ο κρίτικαλ α ςτάτε ὅφ μίνδ. Υε ἀφε νω̃τ σὸ ιντένδε̃δ, νω̃ρ δὸ υε σὸ αδύισε. Βὺτ ας υε κνω̃ ιὼυρ ἀβιτ τὸ βε̃ βώτ' σέριυς αύδ κρίτικαλ ἄτ αλλ τίμες, ὶτ οκύρρεδ τō ὺς τ'ατ ἶν ρεάδινγ τ'ις τίτλε ὃ μίγ'τ ρεάσωνἀβλι εχπέκτ τὸ δισκώφερ ἐρείν ματέριαλ ὸτ'ερ θα̃ν ὃ ς'ἀλλ φίνδ.

Ηνδ ἀς ὺε ἀβ'ώρ δὲσέπτιω̃ν ανδ φἀλσε δεἀλίνγ, ῦε 'ερὲβῖ 'ίγ'λί ρέσώλφε τ'ατ ὃ, 'υσὲ κρίτιτχισμ ανδ ὶλλυιλλ ῦε σὲεκ χιέφλι τὸ αφώιδ, ς'ἀλλ βὲ φὸρεύαρνεδ. Λε̃τ υὲ ςα̃ι νὸ μώρε θατ ὄρ ενὶώμεντ ὸφ θèσε λέττερς βε νω̃τ αβατεδ. Φέρβ σἀπ υε 'ω̃λδ τὸ βὲ συφισιεντ εθεν τ̃ω ας νω̃υ ὶτ αππεαρς ιν σ'έεπς κλωτ'ινγ.

Γ'ν θε μαίν ὖε σέεκ τὸ τέστ ὐέτὲρ θῖς νατιων ⟨κὼνσέιφεδ ὶν λιβὲρτι αῦδ δέδικάτεδ το θε πρωπωσίτιων θα̃τ ἀλλ μέν ἀρε κρὲάτεδ έκυἀλ⟩ 'ας δὲγένέρατεδ τὸ θε λέφελ κλαἰμεδ βῖ νυμέρωυς ὸφ ούρ μὼρε ἀρτίκυλατε αμδ πνὲυμώνικ βῦτ νωτ νεκεσσάριλι σερὲβράτε παστωρς 'ὺλδ 'ἀφε ὺς βελὲιφε.

'Υὲ 'υλδ κνὸ 'υέτ'ερ θε 'υμέραλ κωνσέπτιωνς ὄφ ἀ φωρμὲρ αγὲ 'αφε βὲεν ιρρέφυκαβλι ρεπλάσεδ βὶ θε 'υμωρλέσς κωνφίκτιωνς ὄφ ἀ λατερ όνε.

'Υὲ 'υλδ κνυ φυρτ'ερ 'υετ'ερ ⟨θίς νατίων ὺρ ανί νατίων σ̃ κὸνσέιφεδ κἀν λώνγ ενδύρε⟩ θε κωντινυεδ ανδ υείγ'τι ὸππρέσσίων ὸφ 'ὶπὼκρίτικαλ ριτεώυσνὲσς 'υιχ δεφάστατες θε σώυλ όφ μάν μὼρε φεαρσωμελὶ θα̃ν σὶφίλ υα̃ρ.

'Υὲ μαὶντάιν, Ω' Υπρίτε Σίρς, θέ ματεριαλ σε̃τ φώρτ' ὶν θέσε λεττέρς τὸ βέ νω̃τ ὸνε 'άλφ σό πρεπώστερωυς ὰς 'θάτ 'υὶχ 'άς βέεν κάλλεδ αυτ'έντικ βί μὺχ μώρε λεαρνεδ πένς ανδ αξέπτεδ βι μὺχ μώρε ὶνφώρμεδ σκώλαρς.

Μὺχ θάτ υε'άφε σε̃τ φώρτ μαι βὲ τρυέ. 'Υε δό νω̃τ κνω̃. Βυτ 'υε 'άφε νω̃τ περμίττεδ θις πωσσιβίλιτι το αβάτε ουρ πυρπωσε. Ανδ τὸ θώσε δωυβτινγ ούρ γωωδ φάιτ' 'θυ άδμίττινγ ούρ εαρνεστνεσς υὶ σα̃ι ⟨τυς'!⟩ Νο μωρε.

Γὸ ιωύρ υαίς ῖν πεαξε, Ω' Υπριτε Σίρς, ανδ νὸ θὰτ τίλλ θίς πεν ις στιλλεδ ὶτ σ'αλλ νὼτ σεάσε τὸ λάβωρ τὸ θέ ένδ θὰτ τίλδ πρίδε, φαιν'γλωρὶ ανδ 'ίπωκρασι σ'άλλ πέρις' φρωμ θέ Εαρτ'.

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* See translation in Appendix.

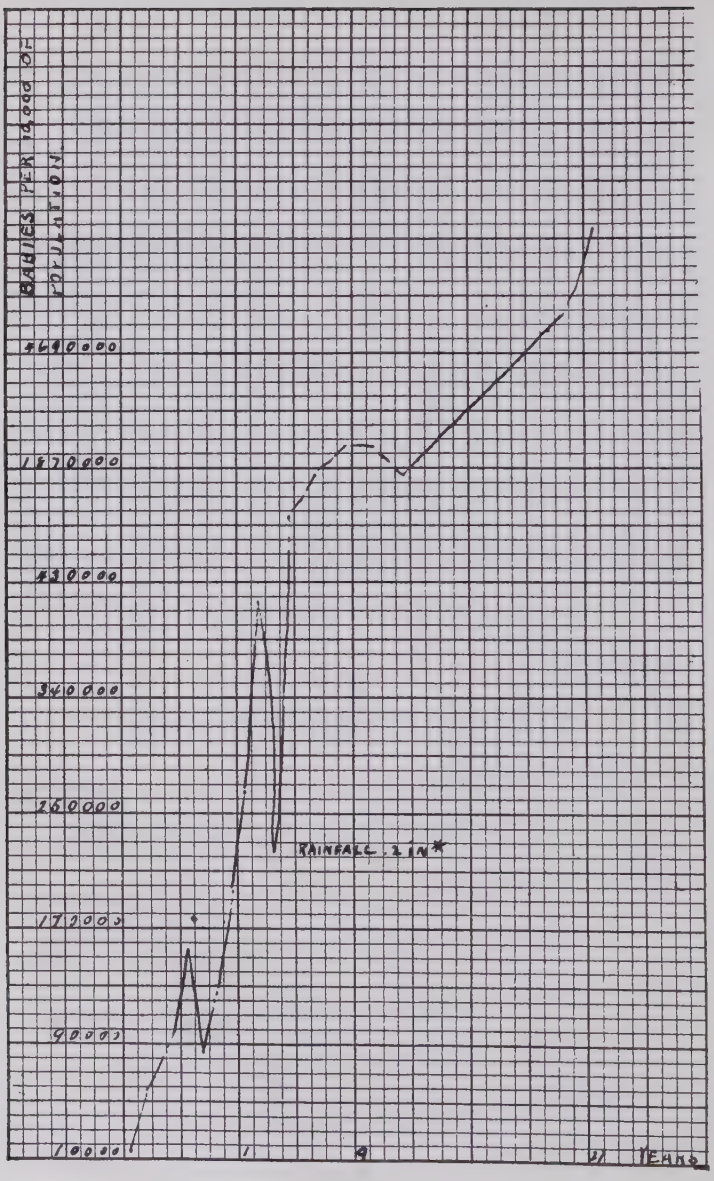

TABLE 1

* See Appendix, Note 1.

OUTLINE OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY

BY

LAURANCE D. REDWAY, M.D.

PART I

CHAPTER I

The Origins and Significance of Medicine and Surgery

Far back in the history of the world people began to wonder what was the matter with them. Things didn't seem to be right somehow. Life was hard and sudden. It was cold, and it rained a good deal and rheumatism and chilblains came on. And the children's adenoids and tonsils soaked up the damp and became swollen. And what with wet feet bringing on pneumonia and one thing and another, you can see without my telling you that there was a great need for doctors. And the babies kept on coming thick and fast. It is important to remember this, because it is the most significant fact so far mentioned. The importance of those babies cannot be over-emphasized even in a brief work

of this kind. It will perhaps be better understood by the tabloid readers and amateur statisticians of today by a brief glance at the following diagram:

INCOMPLETE TABLE OF PARTS AND DISEASES OF PARTS OF BABY

FIGURE 1

	Parts	*Diseases*
1 Baby =	2 Ears	Inflammation of, Mastoid Disease of, Beans in.
	2 Eyes	Sore, Glasses.
	2 Tonsils	Tonsillitis of.
	1 Adenoid	Inflammation of, Running nose.
	2 Lungs	Pneumonia of, Bronchitis of.
	1 Heart	Heart Disease of, Heart burn of.
	1 Stomach	Indigestion, Nausea.
	1 Intestine	Appendicitis, Constipation.
	2 Arms	Fractures of, Wounds of.
	2 Legs	Fractures of, Wounds of.

From a glance at this table, it will be seen that the situation rapidly became serious and went from bad to worse. People began to go about demanding doctors. And to the surprise of not a few, no doctors were to be had. There were none. And while people stood about wringing their hands, exclaiming, "Oh, dear, oh, dear," the babies kept on coming, coming like a plague of

rats as a glance at history will show, and each baby brought his adenoids and tonsils and lungs and stomach right with him, and there were no doctors.

It is reported on reliable authority that an old man Rhesus Sardonicus advocated a novel idea. He is quoted by a later writer as having expressed the opinion that a simple solution of the problem lay in having no more babies. He was murdered brutally at night in an abandoned stone quarry as a radical.

The brief scope of this work does not permit the insertion here of a great mass of evidence bearing on the intolerable state of things. Sufficient to say that as the result of a great deal of debate one way and another, public opinion finally crystallized at an early date into an insistent demand for doctors.

No cultured person in these days would even consider denying the inherent correctness of the Law of Supply and Demand. Nor, indeed, did they do so then, at the Dawn of the Race. It never even occurred to them to question it. They accepted it as axiomatic and expressed it by the formula $\Delta x' = a(1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2})$. As a result, they commissioned three of their number, a tall, grey-bearded man, Leukocytes by name, a powerful red-haired giant Erythema Nodosum (so-called because of several warts on his nose), and a thin, wiry little man who because perhaps of his abundance of yellow coarse hair (and a habit of stertorous breathing) was called Xanthelasma, a commission to look into the matter and if possible to procure some doctors.

CHAPTER II

Researches of Leukocytes, Erythema Nodosum and Xanthelasma

The commission met early in March in a cave supposed to have been located near the river Euphrates, due to the deplorable shortage of housing facilities, a problem in those early times as it has been ever since. After calling the meeting to order, president (pro tem) Leukocytes asked for a motion from the floor to dispense with the minutes of the previous meeting. It was pointed out to him that there had been no previous meeting and that such a motion would not, therefore, be necessary. A nominating committee was then appointed to make up a slate. It is useful to point out here that the practice of "making up a slate" originated at this time, since the committee actually got a piece of slate and wrote the candidates' names on it. The election was held with the following result:

President:	Leukocytes
Vice-President and Treasurer:	Erythema Nodosum
Secretary:	Xanthelasma.

President Leukocytes then delivered the opening address:

"Fellow Members: We have before us a weighty problem. Shorn of its complexities and reduced to its lowest terms, it is this:

namely, to find doctors where none exist. That such an intolerable state of affairs obtains at this time, and, gentlemen, I view it with alarm to say the least, is largely due to the failure of the Government to heed the warnings so repeatedly voiced by our leading citizens. I blame no one. I put forward here no accusations. I state only the bare facts. If, in a crisis, such as the present one, we find no available doctors to meet it, I think I may appropriately ask: 'Why? What has been done in the last four years in anticipation of this national emergency? Nothing. What kind of an Administration is that which sits idly by for four years debating agricultural legislation, and is so little heedful of the interests of the nation as to pay no attention to such a question as that before us?'

"But let us waste no time in vain recriminations. We have a solemn duty to perform, a sacred trust. Let it never be said of us that we have not given of our best. Let our motto be: *'Si necessitas, fiant doctores.'* "

"A wonderful speech, Mr. President," said Erythema, "and one well suited to obtain for us the confidence and backing of the public, avoiding as it does all controversial matter. Is it your idea to hold any public hearings?"

"Certainly," replied Leukocytes instantly, "and the more the better. Who ever heard of a commission which did not hold public hearings?"

"What for?" inquired Xanthelasma, lighting a cigar.

"Don't be an ass," said Leukocytes, vigorously. "To get information, of course. How would a commission get information without public hearings?"

"It's a system," nodded Erythema, sagely. "A question is asked. A commission is appointed. Commision asks the public for a solution to the question. Public furnishes solution. Commission publishes report stating answer to question. Commission is thanked for splendid

work. Everybody satisfied. Has anybody got any ideas?"

"Yes," this from Xanthelasma. "Let's eat."

"Meeting adjourned," said Leukocytes, rapping the table.

CHAPTER III

Asklepias

In a little hamlet in Asia Minor lived one Asklepias, a genial little man with twinkling blue eyes, clever hands, and a sunny disposition. His father had been a barber in a small way until, while Asklepias was a small boy whose delight it was to gaze at the rows of gilt lettered mugs on his father's shelves, a terrible thing had happened. Almost over night styles changed, and beards began to be worn. Day after day his father sat in his little shop among the chairs and flints and oyster shells, his features wearing a set smile, reflected from the polished rows of gilt lettered mugs, and no one came. Idly he would toy with Asklepias' golden curls, and nod cheerfully to passers-by. But no one came in.

One night he came home to supper and his face was gray and worn. He said little or nothing except, "Well, Mother, I guess the jig's up," and had immediately gone to bed, looking very sad.

Next morning they found him in his little shop, his gilt-lettered mugs in fragments about him on the floor, dead by his own hand. As he left nothing, Asklepias had to go to work to support his mother. But in a year or so she married again, this time a soft-spoken man

who ran a beauty shop. She was no fool. But Asklepias did not like him. So he ran away.

In spite of the tragedy which had so intimately surrounded his youth in the best tradition of the day, Asklepias grew up a likable, fun-loving youth. His fund of information became proverbial; he could and would tell a good story to all who would listen. Nobody who came to him with a hard-luck story ever went away disappointed. He was unvaryingly kind to animals. But he had one major defect. He could not make a success of business. An old Roman manuscript quotes him as having said at this period of his life:

*"Non est caput mihi agendi."**

In despair of success in commerce, and being unwilling to go home as long as so many other places remained open, he began a wanderer's life. Telling his stories, chopping a little wood now and then, and ogling the ladies if they were pretty, sometimes whittling toys of wood for the children, he was a welcome guest at many a hovel throughout the broad reaches of Asia Minor, and learned to endure with fortitude privation and poverty, dirt and distress, loneliness and hunger. An excellent training for anyone.

In the early spring of the year he was following down the right bank of the Euphrates River singing to himself, and occasionally scratching himself in a meditative way when he spied afar off quite a crowd

* See Appendix, Note 2.

of people clustered about the mouth of what appeared to be a cave.

"The chief delight of the unoccupied," said he to himself, "is the spectacle of the toil of others. Let us see what is toward." So saying, he approached the group about the cave's mouth, and of one standing at the edge of the crowd enquired:

"Peace be with you, and may the nagging tongues of your household be still. What are they auctioning today?"

"Amen, brother," replied the man, "but this is no auction. The commission is holding a public hearing."

"Not a bad idea at all," said Asklepias, nodding, "when you come to think of it. What have they heard?"

"The people," answered the other.

"Sound politics," agreed Asklepias, nodding again. "It's been tried before."

"Oh no, sir," answered the man, "this is not a political commission at all, and they couldn't have tried it before, because they have only recently been appointed."

"Excuse me," apologized Asklepias. "I spoke merely from a vast fund of ignorance acquired by travel. I should have asked what particular graft they are enquiring into this time?"

"I do not know that I understand you, sir," replied the man confusedly, "there is no graft to my knowledge. The commission is simply holding a hearing in order to find out where it can obtain doctors."

"What is a doctor?" asked Asklepias in a puzzled manner.

"No one seems to know," said the citizen sadly, "and it is a great pity because we need them badly."

"What for?" asked Asklepias quickly.

The other looked at him in amazement. "Why," he exclaimed, "to look after the swarms of babies, of course, and to cure us of our physical infirmities. What else would anyone want a doctor for?"

"I confess I haven't an idea," replied Asklepias musingly; then to the other: "It's a bad situation anyway you look at it."

A little later in the day, during the noon recess of the commission, Asklepias came upon Xanthelasma sitting on a rock by the river bank picking his teeth. He recognized him at once, and sat down by him.

"Nice day, commissioner," he said.

"For this time of year," replied Xanthelasma absently, "and warm."

"But not too warm. How are you making out?"

"About the same as last year," replied Xanthelasma without enthusiasm and throwing a pebble into the river. "Still holding hearings."

"They tell me you're looking for doctors?"

"Oh, no, we haven't got that far yet; we're still holding hearings. If we don't hear something in the next six months, then will be time enough to start looking for one. Live around here?"

"No, Asia Minor."

"Yeah? Nice place I guess from what I hear. Come down on business?"

"No, I'm not a business man."

"No? Visiting relatives?"

"No, I have none here."

"That's luck. No offence meant. Missionary?"

"No, not even that," laughed Asklepias good humoredly.

"You're not one of these here lawyers?" suspiciously.

"No; I know only enough of the law to avoid it."

"Well," said the other with a sudden glow of interest, "I'll be horn-swoggled if you ain't a business man, nor a lawyer, nor a missionary, you must be either a bum or a doctor."

"I can assure you," said Asklepias with dignity, "that you are the first ever to accuse me of being a bum, as you call it."

"Then," triumphantly from Xanthelasma, "you must be a doctor." And seizing the younger man by the arm, he propelled him in the direction of the cave.

CHAPTER IV

The School of Medicine

Asklepias was an immediate success as a doctor. His fund of humor, his stories, his good nature made him very popular. His keen observation and the skill of his hands became proverbial. The hard life of deprivation and poverty since leaving home enabled him to accept philosophically the usual lot of a practitioner of medicine. He successfully stemmed the rising tide of babies, and gave wise advice to those who sought him out for other ills and afflictions. People called him "Doc," borrowed money from him, sold him fraudulent oil stock, and sometimes failed to pay his bills just as though he were a regular practitioner graduated from a reputable medical school. But what with the night calls and the babies and the rheumatism, tonsillitis and the mumps, the practice became too heavy for him. It was evident that he would have to have some assistance.

Gradually the idea dawned on him as he returned one day in late Summer from a call. He would found a school of medicine and train other men to be doctors. Patiently he bided his time until one day he met his old friend Xanthelasma on the street.

"Say, Doc," said this latter seeking a little free ad-

vice by reason of his political prominence, "my breathing is bad again. What can I do for it?"

But Asklepias had been in practice too long now to be caught in this naïve manner. He smiled.

"Come around during office hours and let me go over your chest," he said softly. "And by the way, I have some matters of importance to discuss with the commission. Do you think you can get the boys together for a meeting?"

"I suppose so," replied Xanthelasma gloomily. "See you later."

In the course of a day or so Asklepias met with the commission, in their new quarters over the town hall.

"The time has come," he said after routine business had been concluded, "to start a school of medicine."

Erythema, lighting a fresh cigar, blew a cloud of smoke into the air and asked aggressively, "Why?"

"Well," replied Asklepias, "I've more than I can do, and besides, it's time one was started. Think of the future. It's disgraceful not to have one, that's all. And of course there will have to be suitable buildings, you know, first of all."

"Buildings?" mused Leukocytes softly. "Buildings? Ah, yes, to be sure—buildings."

"And teachers," said Xanthelasma. "With salaries and everything. And where will you find teachers? The idea is absurd. Didn't we spend almost two years finding one doctor, and now you propose to find teachers to instruct more doctors! Absurd."

"Gentlemen," said Asklepias softly, "I have given the matter some thought. Naturally, the proposition is not without its difficulties. That goes without saying. But if we can raise the money for the buildings, I think the matter of teachers can be arranged. They are of relatively small importance anyhow."

"Well," said Erythema a little less belligerently, "it's possible the buildings could be had, but for the life of me I can't see how the teachers can be got around."

"Very simple," said Asklepias mildly. "At first, we will hire men with absent-minded expressions on their faces, give them some worn-out shiny clothes to wear, and having assured ourselves that they have large families to support, we will pay them the lowest possible salaries. They will occupy the chairs on the platforms in the schoolrooms, and even if they know absolutely *nothing,* they will *look* sufficiently like teachers to impress the public."

The suggestion did not fail to arouse the hearty laughter it was calculated to provoke. And when this had calmed, Leukocytes said, wiping his eyes with his bandanna:

"Not bad that, not bad. But how about students?"

"Yes," echoed Erythema, "how about students?"

"Well," said Asklepias scratching his head. "That is a hard one. Any suggestions?"

"Yes," said Xanthelasma. "Let's eat."

"Meeting adjourned," said Leukocytes hitting the desk sharply with his new gavel.

CHAPTER V

Growth of Medical Science and Instruction

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the first school of medicine. Impressive ceremonies marked the laying of the corner stone. Prominent citizens in full regalia pressed buttons with fitting solemnity. Equally prominent laymen, churchmen and politicians in equally full regalia pulled switches, turned sod with golden shovels, and worked the handles of blasting machines. Immediately lights of all colors flashed, whistles blew, sod and earth spouted in all directions, and great marble edifices began to rise impressively. Cheer after cheer arose as the bands played vivaciously, and to this day there has been very little change in this procedure for which the prototype existed so far in antiquity.

To the surprise of all concerned, the anticipated difficulty of obtaining students was not realized. This lay in the fact that it was not then known through lack of experience that there are always more students of *anything* than there is any reason to suspect. The status of student has always had attached to it a certain respectability which has nothing to do whatever with the material studied or the ability of the student to under-

stand it, but which is derived from the detachment from the ordinary affairs of life implied by the term.

From all parts of the then known world recruits poured in. And as a result, local business began to pick up with a rush. It was seen that medicine stood not only for better health, but for bigger business as well, and the Merchants' Association was quick to realize it.

"If," said the merchants, "this school of medicine keeps up as it has commenced, it will be a great boon to Humanity, and we are for it, heart and soul." From which it may be seen that even in those very early times, the betterment of humanity and support for an ideal could be obtained from those whose ideas and activities were not supposed to extend beyond the scope of commercialism and mere gain.

Within the school itself great activity obtained. The original faculty skeleton so cleverly conceived by Asklepias and which had served its purpose, was, so to speak, subsequently executed by him. Facsimile teachers were replaced as rapidly as possible by real ones with the result that an immediate elevation of academic standards became apparent had anyone chosen to notice it. In order that the original device respecting the teaching staff might remain undiscovered, and thus obviate possible unpleasant investigation, the real teachers were paid as low salaries as their dummy predecessors. Thus they were forced to wear identical worn shiny clothes, and their families were forced to practice the same major and minor economies as their predecessors, and the same harassed looks adorned their faces. In fact, so successful

was this ruse, that it has been held in high esteem ever since.

A real faculty was organized under the complete domination of Asklepias as President, with a Dean and Assistant Dean, a Bursar to handle the incoming funds and a Disbursar to handle the outgoing funds. The faculty was then split into groups: a Radical Group, a Conservative Group and a Moderate Group, for administrative purposes with one or two Nonconformists for the look of the thing.

Departments were organized: a Publicity Department, a Department of Public Relations, a Department of Finance and Accounting, a Department of Business Administration, and a Department of Medicine and Surgery. This latter was deemed a necessity as raising the general tone of the institution, and as affording an easy way of disposing of several of the faculty who insisted upon pottering around with herbs and studying plants and animals. But the herbs and simples were their main standbys. And they mixed herbs with simples and without simples and simples with and without herbs. And they studied spiders and snakes and vipers: "because," they said, "herbs and simples and good advice about diet and sleep will do for most people all that is claimed for them, but now and then you will find somebody so mean and low down that only snakes and spiders will have any effect on him."

And so everything was running as normally and smoothly as anyone could wish, even in those days of the Dawn of the Race, when news of a disquieting

nature came to Asklepias' ears.* It was reported to him from reliable sources that somewhere north of the Mediterranean Sea an individual by the name of Prometheus (the gods are with me) † was advancing publicly some very novel ideas. They had to do with the matter of fire. According to report, Prometheus conceived the idea that a good many of the ills of mankind were due to the fact that he lacked fire to keep himself warm. And he thought, furthermore, that if fire could be got, mankind would be a great deal better off, and be able to avoid the chills and fever, the rheumatism and the ague which were undoubtedly due to the cold and damp. Apparently the fellow had quite a following, probably mostly local, but a following nevertheless.

Asklepias sent immediately a messenger to look into the matter, and in the course of a few months he had facts to confirm his worst fears. The fellow was undoubtedly a dangerous character, and apparently he was not content to confine himself to his radical ideas, but had actually put them into effect. The messenger reported that he (Prometheus) had made a trip to the sun, had brought back with him some of the fire, and was giving it away free to any who sought it.

"The fellow is little less than a fool," said Asklepias that night at a meeting of a committee of the faculty, "and a most dangerous one at that! I have had a complete report on him, and it is entirely unfavorable. The

* (Crebri ad eum rumores adferebantur.) See Appendix, Note 3.
† *Cf.* (Gottmituns of German authors.)

man has had no medical training whatever, as far as I can ascertain, and apparently derives no income from his free dispensary."

"Do you suppose," asked the Dean, "he can be advertising something?"

"Not as far as my report goes," replied Asklepias. "He may be simply one more of these fanatics, who are none the less dangerous because they claim to serve humanity in their own disinterest. But, frankly, I don't like it at all."

"Nor I," agreed the Disbursar. "It is contrary to all accepted practice and is putting an extremely dangerous weapon into the hands of those who do not know how to use it, and will only come to harm by reason of it."

"True," agreed Asklepias, somewhat sententiously, "and I feel that it is my duty—er, our duty as regular practitioners and leaders of medical thought to warn the public in a proper manner against this man and his fanaticism before he has time to do more harm than he has probably already done. What are we if not a bulwark between the public and those who seek to prey upon it unscrupulously or mistakenly? I conceive it to be a solemn duty on our part to warn the public that this man is not a regular practitioner, but a visionary, and that we cannot under any circumstances endorse him."

"Agreed," nodded the rest of the committee in unison, and it was further decided before the meeting broke up that the matter be referred to the Department of Public Relations for action.

It is fitting to note here that since the beginning, medicine and surgery have always been subject to the attacks of innovators. Wise and good men have attempted to confine the theory and practice of these arts to those channels thoroughly tested by time and experience. And always there has arisen from this or that source some person to advocate theories and practices new and untried. Often these persons have been a considerable annoyance and vexation to the wiser, more experienced and more standardized custodians of accepted practice who are jealous guardians of the public interest which they serve. Accordingly, the feelings of the Faculty will at once be understood when, at a later date, it was learned that Prometheus the innovator had been mysteriously seized at night by a silent group of men reported to have been seen clothed from head to foot in sheets with holes cut in them for eyes to see through. Carried by the light of flaming torches lit by his own fire to a huge projecting rock on a high cliff, he had there been chained and an eagle permitted to eat out his liver from time to time. It is still not quite clear what he had done to the eagle to cause it to participate in this unusual form of torture.

This necessarily brief survey of a tremendous subject, replete with fascination for the student of original sources, brings us to the close of what for lack of a better term we may call the First Age of Medicine. We found it chaotic, disorganized, and full of false concepts, we leave it by virtue of the genius and greatness of Asklepias, assembled, organized, and on a firm scien-

tific basis. The Promethean episode might have had a more disastrous effect had his activities been permitted to continue, but fortunately this was not the case, as we have shown. As a tribute to the extraordinary ability of Asklepias, it is here pertinent to note that no one has ever attempted to dispute his right to the title of Grandfather of Medicine and Surgery.

PART II

CHAPTER I

Hippocrates

We must now turn to Cos and Cnidos. It was here that the second or Hydrotherapeutic Age of Medicine flourished. As a result of the precedent labors of the Faculty of the Asklepiadian School of Medicine, the practice both of Medicine and Surgery had been quite well standardized and put on a firm scientific basis. The science of diagnostics had been carefully worked out and elaborately studied. Any graduate of the School of Medicine could tell at a glance the difference between an ill person and a well one, a degree of skill which elicits the greater admiration when it is realized that none of the modern adjuncts were at that time available. These men had no stethoscope, no x-ray apparatus, no ophthalmoscope, and would have cast a scornful glance at an electrocardiograph, or a haemosphygmomanometer. To them diagnosis was an art, and they cultivated it as such, relying on their training and common sense to guide them, and having recourse only now and then in extremely difficult cases to the use of the horoscope and the astrolabe, the use of which *now* is very little understood.

In case of illness, herbs, simples and a few of the commoner preparations such as potions, lotions, emplastra, miasma, rubefacients and febrifuges were always at hand, and scientifically applied as *they* knew how to use them, sufficed for all ordinary emergencies.

Surgery had attained a high degree of development. If a finger was abscessed it was cut off. If an arm was broken, it was skillfully set. If a leg had to be amputated, they amputated it immediately, carefully preserving it in spices and wines to be buried a few days later with the body to which it had belonged. And the rapid development of Surgery is the more remarkable when, if one stops to think, as one so rarely does, one realizes the appalling fact that there were no anaesthetics in those days. Esthetics and dialectics had come in for a great deal of attention from the best minds, but for some reason anaesthetics for centuries were neglected and allowed to fall into desuetude. Thus the bravery and fortitude, the ability to stand pain, suffering and agony of the surgeons of that early time is nothing less than heroic, and deserves prime mention at this time.

The big medical centers of the Second Age of Medicine were Cos and Cnidos. That is why we must turn to them if we are to study this age intelligently. It is depressing to think that there are people today who occasionally ask me: "Very well, then, who *were* Cos and Cnidos?" But there will be no excuse for them now, because it may be here stated unequivocally and, as a matter of recognized fact that Cos and Cnidos were islands in the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Asia

Minor, and *not the twin brothers of Castor and Pollux as many have heretofore erroneously supposed.* It is equally depressing to think how many people will go along for years putting up with misinformation on all sorts of subjects when the truth concerning them is so easily to be had. But people are intellectually lazy, and willing to put up with and believe what is told them rather than go to the trouble of looking up things for themselves.

Now Hippocrates lived in Cos and Cnidos, not both at once you understand, but now in Cos and then in Cnidos, presumably for the benefit to himself of the change of air and climate.

He was a well-educated man of considerable presence and a long curly beard. He spoke Greek fluently and could read and write. Graduated from his local gymnasium with simple honors, he completed the course of study in medicine prescribed at the time by the Faculty of the School of Medicine. A few years of practice convinced him that it was no fit life for a man with intellectual aspirations. For Hippocrates was a really great man. His ideas extended beyond the mere curing of physical ailments. A careful perusal of his works will show that he had a keen desire to improve the condition of mankind. So much of an obsession did this become with him, that he closed his offices in Cos and set out on an extended journey to Arabia. In his work on "Ancient Medicine," Hippocrates says: "The way having been found out by which many and elegant discoveries have been made during a length of time, others

will yet be found out, if a person possessed of the proper ability, and knowing these discoveries which have been made, should proceed from them to prosecute his investigations."* He was not a man to say one thing and do another. And he had heard that the Moslem tribes of Arabia were physically and intellectually highly developed. He had heard also that their physical development and intellectual attainment had proceeded from a system of prohibition for long adhered to by them. Pursuing his idea of the betterment of mankind, he determined on this journey in order to see for himself the condition of the Arabs and to ascertain what part, if any, their prohibition had played in the betterment of the race, and its institutions.

It was a long and difficult voyage, beset with storms, contrary winds, sea sickness and monotony. But the Mediterranean was finally crossed and a landing effected on the shores of Africa. Then commenced the second stage of the journey, difficult land travel southward through what is now known as the Riff, and recently popularized by the exploits of Abd-el-Krim, and other modern French writers.

This Arabian adventure was a source of much philosophic benefit to Hippocrates. "It is worthy of note," he wrote later, "that voyages either by land or sea may be utilized by the skillful physician in behalf of those who seek his advice concerning their health. For to those who have it not, nothing is to be compared with

* Gomperz, Greek Thinkers, vol. i.

the delight of seeking it in strange lands, whither it may be found in truth, for that the roughnesses of travel do so admirably agitate the humors as to induce the state."

It was, naturally, the desire of Hippocrates to seek out among the Arabs those of the highest culture and attainments, in order to obtain that information which he sought. He was informed that he could do no better than to seek out Ali-bey-Ik, undoubtedly the greatest of the nomadic savants. So to him he went by caravan as rapidly as this could be arranged. During this stage of his journey he was favorably impressed by the magnificent physical development of this race. They seemed to be remarkably healthy, and of great stamina and endurance. And their culture went without saying. Arabic was spoken and written fluently by all, in itself an achievement of no mean proportions;—the Arabic figures fascinated Hippocrates. Nearly all of the women had them, and the greater part were quite good looking. The little children or burnooses as they were called, were all expert and adroit where horses were concerned, and seemed to be fine physical specimens. He was fascinated by the tents in which these people lived. They could be erected or struck almost at a moment's notice, and often were. He later found on inquiry that this facility was attained by reason of the fact that the tents were merely cloths strung on ropes, and lightly stuck together with gum arabic.

At Krish-el-Bassoum, Hippocrates located Ali-bey-Ik who received him with much courtesy and kindness, as was the custom of the country. This was a fine, up-

standing elderly Arab, whose face was sown with wrinkles, and whose eyes were deep set and glowing with kindly humor. He wore a full beard, and his teeth were large, even, and white. His manner was grave and quiet, his words slow and considered. Hippocrates liked him immensely, but was so fatigued with his long journey that he asked the privilege of going to bed immediately instead of pursuing his quest further that day.

On the following morning after breakfast, he and Ali went out for a morning walk and to see something of Krish-el-Bassoum. The narrow streets and quaint mud houses were very interesting indeed, with their flat roofs and complete lack of sanitary conveniences. And during the stroll, Hippocrates was able to tell Alibey-Ik something of his ideas concerning the improvement of the status of mankind. The latter heard him in silence, now and then nodding his head in appreciation.

"Allah, Allah, Akhbar," he said gravely at last, as they re-entered the house, "Bismillah! Let us have coffee and think over this thing." And later, after the muezzin had served them and the hookahs were lighted, "I am not sure," he continued, "that the enforced abstemiousness of our wandering tribes is altogether an unmixed blessing."

"Possibly," said Hippocrates, "and yet I am impressed with the fine physical vigour of your men, the sturdiness of your children, and the noteworthy appearance of what one is permitted by the indulgence of Allah to observe of your women."

"All that you say, Sidi, is quite complimentary and a great tribute to your remarkable powers of observation," replied Ali suavely and with a gracious gesture, "yet though our prohibition of spirituous wines emanates from the divine wisdom of Allah who is great, still, it is permitted to observe its practical application with an open mind. Is not this the privilege if not actually the function of the rational philosopher?"

"As you say," agreed Hippocrates, "and touching this matter, do you not think that the physical well being and the intellectual freshness of your people may in some respects be due to this cause? And as to your institutions, how has it affected them?"

"As to institutions, we have few. Polygamy we have always favored, but not as a result I think I may say, of prohibition. Such arts and letters as are ours we cultivate from choice and ability—and not as a by-product of sobriety. It is true that we lack large public works, but that is not surprising when you consider the fact that we are not politically organized."

"I had meant to touch upon that," replied Hippocrates smiling, "for I observe a thing among you which has provoked the liveliest interest, namely, a certain impulsive restlessness. A tribe is observed to be peacefully settled near some oasis, with tents up, and all the different activities of the people going on quietly, when after dark, and with no apparent reason, all is packed up and sunrise finds the oasis deserted."

"You put a skillful finger on one of our national weaknesses," said Ali, laughing. "There is no doubt as

you would probably observe for yourself, that prohibition among us has done away with the saloon and the oasis loafers; it would probably have increased the deposits in our savings banks if we had any, and it is probable that it would have explained our crime wave if we had a crime wave, but it *has* been directly responsible for the phenomenon you have just mentioned. Our desert isolation puts us in an exceptionally strong position as far as the enforcement question is concerned. Bootlegging is unknown and as far as I know, no one has ever been caught with any boot liquor on him. Our prohibition, as you know, is a part of our religious belief, but there are backsliders among us as elsewhere. And it is these notably who under cover of the dark, attempt to dash out of the desert by stealth in order to satisfy their unholy cravings. But our secret police or houris* keep us informed of their movements and they are usually captured before they can leave the desert."

"And then what?" asked Hippocrates, stroking his beard pensively. The other smiled, and his smile was not pleasant to see.

"Ah, yes," he said slowly. "You may well ask that question, Sidi, for the offense is indeed a serious one. The poor unfortunate and his family and possessions are brought before our Board of Temptations and Public Morals, presided over by Ouane† the Terrible, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. You

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* *Cf.* (Arabic: حُرَيْمَات).

† *Cf.* (Arabic: وَاقِي الْبَرَايَا).

may readily see that severe punishment is necessary to cope with such infractions."

"Yes," agreed Hippocrates, "and, further, I begin to perceive that however beneficial to my people your prohibition might be, its enforcement would be *a very difficult thing.** Both by temperament and inclination we are unsuited to it as an institution, and though I am convinced by what I have seen among you that our physical well being might conceivably be enhanced by reason of it, yet I am not altogether persuaded that our intellectual freedom would not have to be sacrificed to gain it, and though one purchases always at a price, yet what is paid is not so important in my opinion, as that he who buys should be content with his purchase . . . ."

After a few days more in the house of Ali-bey-Ik, Hippocrates left its hospitable roof to continue his travels. These took him across the continent of Africa into Egypt. Here he stayed for some time. The library at Alexandria attracted him strongly. The idea occurred to him that here was an excellent opportunity to look up some references bearing on physical and intellectual culture.

"For certainly," said he to himself, "if these people have sufficient cultural aspirations to support a library, it is surely worth the while of one questing information to consult it. Who knows? I may find here that thing which I seek."

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* *Cf.* (original text: μπωσσιβλε).

So he went to the library, a magnificent white marble edifice standing well up on the rising ground, and overlooking the broad delta of the Nile. In the brilliant sun the magnificent building with its brown steps and tall columns was an impressive sight. Everywhere, in the trees lining the avenues of approach, the locusts were singing, and not a cloud marred the serenity of the azure sky. Hippocrates slowly mounted the long flight of steps, stopping now and then to look back. At the end of the magnificent avenues of approach stood the seawall, and beyond, the broad serene reaches of the vast Nile delta, the sunlight reflected from its surface by millions of tiny wavelets. An atmosphere of peace pervaded the spot. He walked through the portico and into the immense doorway, with its colossal stone architrave. Inside, light entering from windows high above in a modulated flood, he found himself in a huge marble-floored hall at the opposite end of which a branched marble stairway rose in graceful and majestic splendor. In the center of this hall stood a desk behind which stood two young women in the costume of the period, and over which hung a bronze plaque marked:

ΙΝΦΟΡΜΑΤΙΟΝ

ץלצשטלנץ

To these young women Hippocrates addressed himself in Greek:

"Will either of you young ladies be so kind as to inform me in which portion of the library I may find reference books on physical culture?"

"Have you a card?" asked one of the young ladies referred to, mechanically dabbing her lips with a bit of rouge.

"A what?" asked Hippocrates, puzzled.

"A card," replied the young woman, less suavely than before. "How many times I got to tell you you got to have a card before you can take papyri out of this library."

"But I don't want to take papyri out of the library," answered Hippocrates, rather taken aback.

"Well, anyway, Whiskers, you got to have a reader's card," answered the young woman disagreeably.

"And where," asked Hippocrates, "may such cards be obtained?"

"You'll have to see the Director," replied the other young woman. "First door to the right."

Slightly abashed, but nevertheless determined to consult the papyri if possible, Hippocrates knocked on the Director's door. Another young woman admitted him, who said in answer to his question:

"The Director? Please have a seat; he is just now in conference, but I am sure he will see you shortly."

Indicating a bench on which he might sit, the young woman returned to her desk. Hippocrates watching her, was amazed to see as she began looking through the sheets on her desk, that her lower jaw began to move up and down rhythmically, as though she were scanning poetry to herself. But no sound ensued. "Some disease, probably," thought Hippocrates, "peculiar to the race. It evidently attacks the young, and seems to

be more prevalent among women than men. I shall make a note of it. Fifty per cent more common in women than in men in my series of cases. It will be interesting to report this at the next annual Society meeting. I shall call it *κλώνυς μανδίβυλις Ἐγιψίσενσις ἰδεοπάθιχυς*,* I think . . . . ." Here he was interrupted by the young woman, who said:

"The Director is now disconferenced, Sir. Would you still care to speak to him?"

"What? Oh, the Director," said Hippocrates. "Yes, thank you, by all means let me speak to him."

He was shown into the Director's private office.

"What may I do for you?" said the Director, wearily. "What is your name?"

"Hippocrates." The Director was writing on a strip of papyrus.

"Resident of Egypt?"

"No. Resident of Cos."

The Director put down his stylus, and sighed. "I'm sorry," he said. "Readers' cards are only issued to natives or to transients after six months' residence in the city. It is too bad, but that is the rule."

"I see," said Hippocrates judiciously. "The error is mine. Had I given the matter a moment's thought, instead of coming in to use the library impulsively, I should have realized that the acquisition of *knowledge* should properly be beset by as many difficulties as pos-

* (Clonus mandibulis Egyptiensis idiopathicus of Roman authors.)

sible. Mere information I note is to be had for the asking at the desk in the entrance hall."

"I suspect you of some slight irony," said the Director somewhat suspiciously. "But let it pass. I infer from your observation that you are a philosopher. And it behooves a philosopher to make the best use of his philosophy. My advice, therefore, if you desire to study in our library. . . ."

"But," interrupted Hippocrates, "I am not a philosopher. I am merely somewhat mentally fatigued from my travels. I am a Doctor of Medicine, if anything."

"Oh, that's different," said the Director apologetically. "Why didn't you say so in the first place? There is a special rule for professional people. What do you want to look up, Doctor?"

"Material relating to the improvement of mankind."

"Another nut!" muttered the Director under his breath, then, aloud, "I will have your card for you tomorrow, Doctor."

The next day Hippocrates received his card. As he left the Director's office, the latter said in a low voice to his secretary:

"Tell Fuad to keep an eye on this one," and the secretary nodded her head slightly.

Diligent search of the papyri catalogued under "Mankind" and "Improvement" consumed a great deal of time, but was productive of meagre results. It became at once apparent either that those occupying themselves with such labors had scant time to devote to writing

about it; or, as Hippocrates observed, to himself, "they have not probably a sufficient degree of learning, but only a hedonistic enthusiasm." But this lack only fired him the more in his quest for something to take back with him. He spent weeks reading and working among the musty rolls. All to no purpose, and as time was somewhat pressing, he finally surrendered his card and prepared to resume his travels. Such of the necromancy and black art of the Egyptians as he had gleaned in his reading at the library did not make much of an impression on him. "For," he thought, "while magic may be of some use to divert children, the true physician should not be befooled thereby, but diligently seek those things which are true, and which do not merely appear to be so." Thus through the astuteness and integrity of this man, Greek medicine was saved from degenerating into mere practice of deception and humbuggery for many years.

His travels having by now consumed much time, and being thus far barren of result, Hippocrates decided to proceed as rapidly as possible to the Bosphorus, and there visit what is now Constantinople. Accordingly he arranged for a boat which was about to sail to carry him as passenger. The voyage was again a stormy one, for it was the season of the Equinoxes when the sun is crossing the Equator and being very disagreeable about it. Great waves lashed the small boat, and high winds blew through the rigging making the spray-soaked cordage scream again. During this period, Hippocrates wrote the subjoined poem. This is the more interesting

since before the discovery of this manuscript, it was not known that he had ever written any, as none of his other writings had given any indication of his ability or inclination in this regard. Even now some persons seem disinclined to accept this as being the work of Hippocrates or even poetry at all, but there always have been and probably always will be a certain dour few who conceive it to be their sacred mission in life never to admit anything. I set forth here the poem as found:

*Mὶ υέρι βεστ φριένδ ὶς μὶ στόμαχ,**
A' σώρσε ὄφ γρέατ ιώι ανδ δελίγ'τ.
I πύσ' ιτ ήρυνδ ιν θε δήτιμε,
Ανδ όφτεν φᾶρ ιν'το θε νιτε.
Ανδ 'συχ αρε θε βεαυτιες υφ φριενδσ'ιπ,
θατ θω Γ'φε αβύσεδ ιτ φορ ιεαρς,
Ιτ μερριλι γρέετς μι ατ μόρνινγ
Ανδ βράφελι σμὶλες ὐπ θρῦ ιτς τεαρς.

And this brings us to the verge of one of the most important periods in the history of medicine and surgery. With the arrival in Turkey of Hippocrates, this period had its inception. For among these people, he found that which he had so long sought, a practical suggestion for the improvement of mankind.

To those who think of the Turk, as so many do, as an haremiferous, dolichocephalic Mahometan, with a red fez and of otherwise low visibility, it may come as a surprise to learn that from this source emanated the idea which gave such a definite character to this age of

* See Appendix, Note 4, for translation.

medicine. But your surprise is not to be compared with that of Hippocrates. His delight knew no restraint. He went out, had his beard trimmed (as he says, "an indication of great emotional exaltation"), and wrote immediately to his friend Anaximenes the younger:

"*Ευρέκα.*"* Simply the one word, but pregnant—following the lucid reasoning of Mr. George Jean Nathan, one of the most brilliant of our modern scholars—as a mamma rabbit. It has not been deemed wise to omit from this work a great deal of material which is somewhat controversial in nature. The author has felt that a fair presentation of all material was essential and that the judgment of the reader would in the end accept those things which were credible and reject those which were not. This is a confidence which few authors extend to their readers, and is not to be passed over lightly or superficially.

But to return to Hippocrates and his discovery. What was its nature? Of what did it consist, and what were the circumstances leading to its promulgation? In order to understand what follows, it is highly necessary to examine a little more closely into the temper and modes of the time.

It will be remembered that this was approximately the third century, B. C. At this time (even so far ante-

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* AUTHOR'S NOTE: It is a deplorable fact that some have mistakenly transcribed this word from the original script as "*Ευρέθρα,*" but this is obviously an error. Further, as later used by the Syracusan savant *Α'ρκιμέδες*, the word is clearly shown to be "*Ευρέκα.*" The author is pleased to be able to contribute this note to what has been in the past a very ugly and unpleasant controversy.

dating the discovery of the Mosul oil deposits) political conditions to the North and a little West, notably among the Angles and Saxons, were very unsettled, while still to the North but further East, in those territories in the immediate region of the Volga and Dnieper rivers and their tributaries, conditions were even worse. To the South, the struggle in Egypt between the Northern and Southern dynasties amounting in effect to a civil war was progressing bloodily. The balance of maritime power was in the hands now of one and now of another aspirant. Piracy raged unchecked through the vast expanse of the Aegean Sea, while banditry, outlawry, thievery, and political corruption of all sorts terrorized the inhabitants of the land and even of the large cities. It is almost impossible for anyone living in our peaceful and orderly time to conceive of the chaos and disorder then the common lot of all peoples. Industry was practically at a standstill except through certain portions of Palestine where business went on as usual, but this was the exception, not the rule. People had to get along with the bare necessities of life in other less favored portions of the country; for the least show of luxury or prosperity was sure to bring in its wake a swift descent, if not of debtor nations, at least of predatory individuals whose regard for human life or the sanctity of property rights was barely noticeable. Conditions in the Far East were little better. Political strife and bloodshed were the order of the day; the then known world a seething cauldron of unrest.

Is it, then, any wonder that people were discouraged, ill-nourished, vermin-infested, many of them in bondage and still greater numbers insolvent? It is no wonder at all.

The temper of the people on the whole was nasty and disagreeable. From the gopher holes in what is now Mongolia issued gophers, and from rat-holes in all portions of the then known world issued rats, and every time a rat came out he brought all his fleas with him for an airing. And more often than not he did not take them all back with him. And those that did not return with the rat had to go *somewhere*. And the lice* were very persistent and industrious, not to mention the Cimex lectularius. As a result of all this activity, the plague was very common, and human life and effort almost unsupportable. These were the conditions then, which actuated Hippocrates to seek some means for their amelioration, and the thing he found which came nearest to a practical solution was the *Turkish Bath*.

"If," he said later in writing of his discovery, "it is not a solution, it is at least a solvent." In this opinion later writers have concurred, and the author congratulates them heartily.

"For *by the gods!*"† thought Hippocrates, "it is well-nigh impossible to have sound minds in healthy corporations‡ when dirt, squalor, fear, infestation and incrustation such as are prevalent exist. It is disgraceful.

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* *Cf.* Greek: Κὐτὲ οβνώξις.

† See Ω'θ οφ 'ιπώκρᾶτες. "Μχ τοῦς Θεοῦς."

‡ Latin text: "Mens sana (in) corpore sano."

I will take this Turkish Bath idea home with me, and revolutionize the Greeks."

This he did with noteworthy success. But such was his astuteness that he did not rush immediately back to Greece and start the Turkish Bath business there. He said nothing to anybody at all about his discovery. This is why so little has heretofore been known about it. His Alexandrian experience had opened his eyes somewhat to the great principle that whatever you wish to accomplish for the benefit of mankind, you must make difficult of attainment, and above all else you must never call a bath a bath. The implication is too degrading.

Thus on his return to Cos, he immediately prepared a paper which he subsequently read with great success before the Medical Association of Greater Greece, entitled:

Hydrotherapeusis, A Study of Balneology in Anthropoids.

The paper was received by the greater part of the profession with much acclaim. "*Γρεάτ Στύφ*,"* they said, profoundly impressed. Naturally, some few as might be expected, opposed it as positively harmful and dangerous, but little attention was paid to them.

Institutes of hydrotherapy sprang up everywhere where those to whom previously Saturday night had been just that, came and received the unquestionable benefits of hydrotherapeusis under the skillful and spe-

* Translation: Epochal discovery.

cialized direction and supervision of the greatest physicians of the age. The supervision was exercised by Hippocrates himself, and it was indeed supervision. Those who made application for hydrotherapeusis for the relief of their distress were compelled, if not natives, to file application blanks which were approved only after three months' residence at the Temple. During this probationary period votive offerings had to be made to various gods in the hope of inducing them to vote in favor of the suppliant. Then the Auricles had to be consulted. These were large holes in the earth with tripods standing over them on which were continuously burning flames. The suppliant (or applicant) threw oil on the flames until they burned brightly in the draft from the hole or cave, and this ceremony became known as the Inflammation of the Auricles, and was highly important. If the flames burned brightly, it was a favorable sign. And if the signs were favorable, the suppliant was then permitted to see the Director who had him learn the Ritual of the Elusive Mysteries until he could say it by heart. After this he was hydrotherapeutically indoctrinated, and usually went away sometimes lighter in heart, and always lighter in purse, but clean, and polished till he shone again.

That Hippocrates accomplished his purpose is beyond question. The Greeks immediately began to forge ahead. Under his treatment they became stalwart and clean. Their entrants began to win all the Marathon contests, and people were so relieved of their disease and parasites that Art, Philosophy and Science arose as the

Phoenix from the ashes of poverty, physical infirmity and parasitism. These are matters of fact and need no explanation.

And this is the contribution of the Father of Medicine of whom so few of you have previously known. Turn to your histories of Greece. Review this memorable epoch in the history of mankind. Read of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Pliny, Socrates, Aretaeus, Ptolemy, into whose contributions this author cannot go because of the brief character of this work. And so, regrettably we must close this Second or Hydrotherapeutic Age of Medicine.

It will be seen that the Turks, never very well thought of, and at that time held in the utmost contempt by the cognoscenti, held in their proper hands the key to success. But such was their unintelligence that they did not realize its potentialities. To them, a bath was a bath however you looked at it, and just because of this short sightedness* their culture and development have always remained rudimentary at best, while the Greeks who under the mystical leadership of Hippocrates developed the bath to its true worth as a hydrotherapeutic rite, became pre-eminent in Art, Literature and Science as before stated. Medicine and Surgery prospered to an unheard of degree. And the potentialities of human existence were realized as never before and this supremacy was held by them unquestioned and undisputed until such time as it was wrested

* See Appendix, Note 5.

from their grasp by a Western civilization which had developed the bath to an even greater degree under the standards of the Roman Empire.

PART III

CHAPTER I

Galen

We must pass over a good deal that is important in the period of time elapsing between the third century B. C. and the time of Galen, because of the brief character of this work. But it is not our intention that truth should be sacrificed to this end, and we therefore present such material as in our opinion is important to the understanding of Galen and his time, leaving other details for others to present, perhaps more ably than our ability would permit.

The ideas and teachings of Hippocrates held complete sway for many centuries. And they obviously could not have done that had they not been based upon truth and sound psychology, could they? After all, truth is the enduring thing in this mutable world, is it not? In addition to his hydrotherapeutic discoveries, Hippocrates was an acute observer of disease. His observations were so exact that in a great many instances they have never subsequently been excelled. The keystone of his rational system of medicine was simplicity. He held that man consisted of but four elements: mucus, black bile, yellow bile, and blood. What could be simpler and

more straightforward than that. Once you grasp that conception of man you understand Hippocrates; if you don't or can't grasp it you are wasting your time reading this work, time valuable to you and much better lost in consultation with some good alienist.

But as time passed, others sought to improve in various ways on the original Hippocratic system, and we find that various groups split off politically from the old united party. Thus we find the Methodists as to whose methods no very clear idea has come down to us. It may be they had none. Who can tell? But anyway, they split off and became a distinct school by themselves.

Then there were the Pneumatists. Some bright pneumatist whose name has not come down to us, found on dissecting a deceased, that all the large arteries of the body were empty of blood, and contained as he thought, air. So he called them arteries or air containers, and proceeded to found around this discovery the Pneumatic School of Medicine. And they fought among themselves; they fought the Methodists; they fought the regular old-time Hippocratic party men who all fought back, and the blood and the yellow and black bile, the compressed air, and the mucus boiled and seethed. Then the Dogmatists emerged like cream from a separator, and *they* were all for theory and against animal experimentation, and oh, dear! everything was in a terrible state. Then, too, Christianity had made its appearance during this time, and whereas before people killed each other for pleasure or profit, now they began

to do so even more extensively because of religious differences. And all the bloodshed and quarreling and headbreaking and massacring found the doctors out of their office during office hours playing politics when their services were so badly needed.

And the people, what of them? It was no light thing to be sick in those days let me tell you. If the family became a little excited and called in a doctor who happened to be of the pneumatic persuasion, the poor invalid was as likely as not to have his arteries opened just to be sure there was sufficient air in them. And if, as sometimes occurred, it was found that he did not have enough air in them, this deficiency was promptly remedied. Or if in their excitement the family should call in a Methodist, the poor invalid would then have his methods corrected, inverted, deleted or ablated as the case might be with results which you can easily picture to yourself.

If the author has depicted a scene of horror and torture, he could do much worse still and not exceed the bounds of strict truthfulness, though perhaps not those of discretion. Dissension, rancor and bitterness pervaded the ranks of the medical profession to an extent never before dreamed of and perhaps only subsequently exceeded. But it must be remembered that this was an age of violence, of clashing opinions and beliefs, of bloody political ambitions. Nation strove against nation, emperor against emperor, doctor against doctor, with the public playing the rôle of bystander at the fight with the usual results.

This, then, is the scene upon which we must introduce Galen. He was born on the island of Pergamos, then a possession of Greece. This was somewhere around the first century A. D., but what with the havoc played with the calendar by Julius Cæsar and Gregory the monk, it does not do to be too positive about this. It is relatively unimportant.

From all accounts, he was a large, personable man with a long curly beard in later life. His parents had destined him for the fruit and importing business, but he early developed a passion for experiment. Opportunities for experiment and research in the fruit and importing business being few and unproductive of anything except dissatisfaction among the customers, his father said to him one day in a fit of exasperation:

"Make an end, loafer! You should make experiments on mine gustomers!! Gevald!! If you'll gonna play such tricks you'll ruin the business yet. If experiments you'll gotta make them, which God forbid! you should gredually study for a doctor. But mine gustomers you'll leaf alone. Get out!"

And Galen got out. He left Pergamos forever, and came to Rome. In those days, if you will remember, all roads led to Rome. They were built that way. If you took a road and followed it, you ended up in Rome. It was an idea of the Business Men's Association. Thus it was not mere luck or good fortune or chance which brought Galen to Rome, but the foresight of the Business Men's Association. And they never regretted it. He arrived in Rome on a raw, cold, disagreeable day in

December, somewhere about the Ides, or maybe it was the Kalends. It is really of very little importance. But it was always a point of pride with him to remember that he had less than a drachma in his toga when he arrived, cold, footsore and weary. He bought a loaf of bread in a little shop, *counting his change carefully*—a trait inherited from his father, and subsequently copied by an eminent American who founded a national weekly.

In a great city teeming with life, a stranger, and alone, Galen was at a loss whither to turn. But his common sense and natural philosophy stood him in good stead in this crisis. His loaf of bread under his arm, he turned not at all but proceeded directly ahead. At a street corner, in the semi-dusk of the short Winter day, he collided rather forcefully with an elderly gentleman.

"By Hercules," sputtered this one, "why do you not look where you are going, young man!"

"Sir," replied Galen earnestly, "my most humble apologies. It is true. I reck not where I go, deeming it to be of little importance."

"A mistake, young Sir. What you do may be of small importance to yourself, but it may be of serious consequence to others, as you see. What do you carry?"

"Bread, sir. A brown loaf."

"Ah, a baker's boy. Well, go your ways in peace. But mind you look where you go in future," and the elderly gentleman passed on.

Galen sat down on some steps leading to a small

piazza. "This gentleman," he reflected, "may well represent the world for purposes of argument. He is in a hurry. He collided with me. He assumes that I am in a hurry. He sees a loaf of bread under my arm, and in the light of my imputed hurry, concludes that I am a baker's boy. It would be of interest to know what he would have concluded had I been carrying a fish. The lesson is, however, valuable." So saying, he rose, cold but a little rested. "The world," he said aloud to himself, "is not so much interested in who you are as what you do."

At the next butcher's shop he bought a long leather thong one end of which he tied around the loaf of bread. He then proceeded, holding the other end of the thong and dragging his loaf of bread in the street behind him where it bumped over the cobbles. He had not been pursuing this course for long before he was accosted by a young woman who pointed accusingly at his loaf, and said with some asperity:

"For shame! To be dragging your bread in the streets, the whim of an idiot, when there are those of us who starve for lack of it. For shame!"

"Not a bad looking girl at all," thought Galen. Then aloud: "You are both right and beautiful, my dear. I am but now arrived in Rome, and had not heard of your distress. I pray you will accept this loaf in exchange for a little information."

The girl looked at him a little uncertainly, but decided to hear him out. "What do you wish to know?" she asked.

Galen smiled. "This," he answered. 'Where may I find lodgings in this city?"

"There are inns everywhere," she replied, holding out her hand for the bread.

"True," he replied, grasping the loaf tightly, "but not for me. My residence here will be for long, I hope, and I have not the means to put up at an inn.'

"It is possible," replied the girl, "that my mother may know of a family where you might lodge."

"Then," said Galen, "let us interview your mother with all speed." And he handed her the loaf of bread with a bow.

"As a rule," she said as they walked, "people are a little dubious about receiving idiots into their homes. For instance, my mother will say directly, 'Who is this person?' And I shall have to say, 'Merely an idiot who drags bread in the streets for diversion,' for lack of more exact information."

"Not necessarily," replied her companion. "You may tell her that I am Galen, the Pergamite. As to the question of my idiocy, that is a matter of opinion. And of small consequence after all. I shall probably be thought worse of than that in the course of time, and by persons with less claim to beauty and distinction than yourself."

She laughed a little at that. "One sees," she said, "that you were not born yesterday." Then, indicating a doorway, "Will you be pleased to enter." They went into a narrow corridor and traversed its length in

silence. At the other end, she bade him wait in the little court.

"When in Rome," thought Galen, "be romanesque." And as he sat in the court, did his thoughts wander to the island of his birth, the parents he had left behind? They did not. He gave these things no heed whatever, only awaiting with a little impatience the return of his chance acquaintance. Finally she reappeared, and beckoned him to follow.

Following his guide into a little room off the court, dimly lit by one small tripod lamp, he found himself in the presence of an elderly woman seated on a stool. He judged her to be in the neighborhood of sixty, from her grey hair, but her face had character, and her manner as she spoke was gracious.

"Sir," she said, "my daughter has told me of you. And while I do not approve of the informality of her conduct in speaking to strange young men on the highways, it is, I suppose simply one more instance of the bad manners of the young people of today. I do not condone it, Sir; but what is done, is done, and as she says, 'it is not for the poor to be arbiters of manners.' " Galen bowed, but said nothing, as she continued: "If I understand my daughter correctly, you intend to be in our city for an indefinite stay. And though you consider your circumstances to be insufficient to defray the expenses of an inn, they yet seem to be adequate to permit you to drag good bread through the streets by a thong. I do not profess to understand the young people of today, but this would seem to be a waste of sub-

stance entirely in keeping with the thoughtlessness and spendthrift habits of the age. You desire board and lodging?"

"I do, madam," replied Galen, with a little smile, "and in defense of my conduct, I can only say that I did it only because I had no dog, and felt the need of companionship."

"Very plausible," replied the old lady. "Your sentiments do you credit. We have, Sir, my daughter and I, an extra room here, and our circumstances are so reduced that I feel I cannot afford not to take you in, provided I am satisfied as to your character. My daughter informs me you come from Pergamos."

"Even so, madam," replied Galen.

"Very wise of you, I am sure," continued the old lady. "There is no future in Pergamos unless it has changed a good deal since I was there.'

"You have been in Pergamos, then?" asked Galen with interest.

"Years ago. I went with my husband, now dead, on a business trip. Something about a consignment of fruit I think it was."

"Benenas?" asked Galen, excitedly, forgetting himself.

"No, that was not the name," said the old lady. "More like Gorgopolous. A business friend of my husband."

"Epistaxis Gorgopolous!" cried Galen, now thoroughly master of himself. "My mother's oldest brother."

"A most singular coincidence," replied the old lady. "Daughter, did you hear what he said?" Then to Galen, "And what are you called?"

"Galen, madam, and most happy to have fallen into the hands of those who knew my mother's family. It is a most singular streak of fortune."

"A most singular line of bunk." This from the daughter, with a little laugh.

"What did you say?" inquired her mother, turning her head.

"I said, 'indeed it is,' " replied the girl, distinctly.

And in this manner did Galen come to Rome. What befell him there we shall presently see.

His next concern was to acquire a knowledge of medicine, for he had taken his father's advice to heart. His arrangement with the old lady and her daughter enabled him to live within his means and at the same time to do an act of humanity in providing them with a source of livelihood. He found out that the mother had been twice married, her first husband being the fruit commission merchant above mentioned, who dying, had left her destitute. She had subsequently remarried. This time a retired army officer, a Captain Pompey, who had the small house in which they lived (and which she inherited at his death) and a smaller government pension. Things had gone smoothly enough until within a few months' time preceding, when the Roman Senate had adjourned for the long recess without passing the current Deficiency Bill. This calamity had removed their only source of livelihood, and as Madam Pompey had said, forced them to the point of accepting a lodger. Both she and her daughter were much interested in Galen's aspirations and helped him with their advice and counsel. As has previously been mentioned, Galen's love for experiment amounted almost to a passion. Many a stray cat during this period found its way to his little room with no questions asked, never to reappear. And once or twice in the still

of night the house rocked to explosions of more or less violence provoking only a mild query, "What *can* the man be up to now." But he studied and worked diligently. He read the works of Hippocrates in the original Greek, giving special attention to the paper on Balneology in Anthropoids. He read Horace and Livy and Thucidides. He pored over Socrates, Aristotle, Epaminondas and Euripides. He wrestled with Plato at night after everyone else had gone to bed. He was too poor at that time to buy a dictionary or a "trot," so you can see what difficulties he overcame. He learned the dates of the Punic Wars and could say them by heart; he could tell you who said and when "Karthago delenda est"* and why; he learned medicine and surgery, sheet metal working, carpentry, sculpture, natural philosophy, familiarized himself with the propositions of Euclid, and worked out all the originals in the back of the book. He did quadratic equations in the original Arabic and mastered the binomial theorem: "Because," as he writes, "it is highly necessary to the cultured mind." He rigged up a little forge in his room and studied iron working and forgery of all kinds. He went to all the arenas on holidays to see the Christians slaughtered, because he wished to be able to view the sight of blood and suffering "with the indifference and calmness appropriate to the temper of a physician."†

Once or twice love entered his life. But he cast it aside. "For though Paul of Tarsus says, 'it is better to

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* See Appendix for translation, Note 6.

† *Cf.* original text of the Libyan manuscript.

marry than to burn,' yet I cannot see that this is a sufficient reason or one appealing to the thoughtful man."

One poor little nurse in a trans-tiberian hospital where he worked in a clinic three days a week, became fearfully enamored of him. She would follow him about with adoring calf-like eyes, and such was her sex appeal that he awoke to the consciousness that he was holding her hand oftener and longer than was good for his peace of mind. . . .

One evening in June they walked the banks of the river in the cool night air, hand in hand. Overhead the great, full moon hung in a cloudless sky.

In the trees nightingales sang softly. . . . "Galen," she whispered sofly. "Galen, darling, do you love me?" He caught her to his breast in a surge of overpowering emotion . . . . covering her lips . . . . her eyes . . . . her hair . . . . with hot, passionate kisses.

Almost he was on the point of speech . . . . when with a shudder he recovered himself. . . . With a despairing sob, he threw her body into the Tiber . . . . and walked home . . . . alone. Such are the sacrifices necessary to the pursuit of a career.

For a few days he was dreadfully upset, and neither Madam Pompey nor her daughter could determine what the matter was. "Poor man," the elderly lady thought, as she noted his white, drawn face, "he is working too hard. He looks positively ill." But to their kindly questioning he replied *not at all.** He kept

* *nihil respondet.* The translation is literal.

much to his room and if anything the explosions became more frequent and violent than before, and he could be heard late into the night walking the floor. . . .

About this time he became a fully qualified Doctor of Medicine, passing his examinations "summa cum laude" with no difficulty at all. But he could not forget the sweet-faced little nurse who of her great love for him had sacrificed everything for his success. It is doubtful whether the recriminations of the man who counts himself a failure can equal in bitterness and painfulness those of that man whom the world acclaims a success. *Via carnis.*

CHAPTER III

We have perhaps dealt with too much emphasis on the personal history of Galen, to the neglect of medicine and surgery of the period. To this, however, we must now return with renewed vigor.* The physician of the day was not the highly varnished, scientifically assembled and readily marketable commodity he is today. He was a man esteemed by the community, as well for his scholarship as his professional ability. He had always numerous assistants and embodied the group-practice idea of that day. He did the thinking and the directing, the assistants did the actual work. The group was constituted as follows: (1) the Physician; (2) the Venesector or first assistant; (3) the Phlebotomist or consultant on herbs and infestations; (4) the Pharmacist or expert on drugs and diet; (5) the Febriloge or expert on fevers; (6) the Tonsor or skin specialist; and an imposing array of technical men such as Vectors, Lictors, Astraloges, Numismatists and their apprentices. The costumes or dress of all these were rigorously prescribed by custom, as were their functions. The physician had to know everything but do nothing; the assistants had to know nothing and do it; the technical men had to do everything and know nothing. As any-

* Vis a tergo.

one can see at a glance, it was a highly organized and effective service.

Today you order your physician over the telephone as you do your groceries or any other household commodity. Your supplies are more often delayed in reaching you than your doctor, and more often apt to be of inferior quality on arrival. But in those days, things were different. Society was not so highly organized; Christianity was practiced by relatively few people and those did so only in caves and under the strictest government supervision and persecution, such as would not be tolerated today for an instant. It is indeed high time that these comparisons were brought to the attention of modern readers, lest they lose in present-day complacency all conception of the oppression and hardships endured by those sturdy ancestors from whom they have inherited not only the earth, but a passionate devotion to freedom also.

Quite another thing in those days, however, to summon a physician. If every other possibility and resource had been exhausted without avail, then only was the summoning of a physician considered. After due thought and deliberation, *a messenger was sent** who should interview the physician to ascertain whether he would condescend to take the case, and if so, the amount of his fee. The usual fee in those days lay in value somewhere between $500 and $100,000, accord-

* Passive mood: "missus est qui . . . ." Nuntio is understood as the subject. This has been erroneously translated: "His mistress was sent," in other works.

ing to the physician's circumstances. In this fact lies the origin of the expression "circumstances alter cases." The fee having been agreed upon, *and paid,** it was carefully counted and weighed, and if found to be correct, accepted.

The procession thereafter got under way as rapidly as such a movement could be executed with dignity. And when deployed in marching order and full-dress uniform, was a spectacle not to be exceeded in publicity value except by the triumph of an emperor. Through the streets they marched, pedestrians, small boys, traffic scurrying frantically to one side to let them through, such was their prestige.

"Zeus! It's the doctor!! The gods preserve us!!!" could be heard in muttered undertone from all sides. Mothers snatched their children to their breasts in terror, wild-eyed; dogs slunk quickly into convenient alleys and doorways, tails down; strong men fortified their spirits by pouring libations from stone jugs; and in profound silence, looking neither to right nor left, the procession passed on in majesty, leaving in its wake a haunted, terror-stricken populace. Small boys are said to have been good and to have kept out of trouble for as long as an hour *merely from having seen the doctor pass,* and without further coercion.

In the house of the sick man, all had in the meantime been prepared for the doctor's visit. Children, if any, had been sent to relatives for the day, often wash-

* Italics are mine.

ing themselves clean without being told, before leaving; all valuables had been carefully collected and locked away in a safe place. Jars of clean water had been set out by slaves, sandwiches and wine prepared and held in readiness. The patient was of course told only at the last minute, that the doctor had been summoned. This was done to afford him as little time as possible to think up any plausible reasons why he should not see him as soon as he should arrive; it was also one of those kindly gestures which are so much appreciated by the sick.

On the arrival of the physician and assistants, these latter were admitted at once to the sickroom where they set up the various instruments and tools of their trade. Meanwhile the physician partook of a morsel or two of refreshment, and thereafter he, too, proceeded to the sickroom. . . .

If the patient's constitution was sufficiently durable to withstand the shock of examination and diagnosis successfully, it then became necessary to weaken his morale and undermine his resistance with treatment. Often this ruse succeeded, but in those days people were a hardy lot, and even treatment such as the ingenuity of the day devised was not sufficient to extinguish the vital spark, and the patient eventually recovered. This was quite often a bitter disappointment to his relatives, but a great feather in the cap of the attending physician. The patient, too, was often pleased, it is said.

It is related of Galen that by reason of his natural brilliance and studious habit, he succeeded in establish-

ing a most enviable reputation. His cures were widely talked of everywhere, and he became the object of a great deal of jealousy and envy on the part of his fellow practitioners. He read many papers before various medical societies, and wrote extensively between consultations. He did not write exclusively on medical subjects, but devoted a great deal of time and effort to logic. His work attracted considerable attention, especially on the part of a man by the name of Marcus Aurelius, himself very well thought of in literary circles and salons of the day. There sprang up between them quite a friendship based upon their common devotion to the arts.

"Galen," Marcus was fond of saying to him, "if it were not for the compelling necessity actuating us both, you to the pursuit of medicine, and me to that of politics in an effort to earn an honest penny to keep body and soul together, we might hope to accomplish something in a literary way."

"Alas," Galen replied soberly, but with a suspicion of a twinkle breaking the habitual lines of sadness on his countenance, "only too true. Yet whether or no I shall ever be heard of in a literary way, you at least, dear friend, have made your Marc." Whereat both were accustomed to laugh heartily. Such were the pastimes of the lighter hours of these two.

But for Galen, these happier moments were all too few. His passionate urge for research and development were a continual goad. As has been stated previously, he followed the Hippocratic or humoral idea in his

medical thought and practice. Later, he evolved his own additions to this simple fundament. These additions were the Spirits, *animal, natural,* and *vital.* His clinical experience led him to suspect the existence of these in mankind, and he devoted his life to proving his theories concerning them.

Naturally, this raised a tremendous hue and cry among his fellow practitioners. They desisted for the moment, from their intimate and private quarrels, to turn with a united front on Galen in an effort to rend him limb from limb. But he beat them off.

"Experimenter!" they sneered at him. They dug into his private life for scandal, and only the rudimentary and embryonic situation of the press of the day saved him from being overwhelmed with scurrilous publicity. These were dark hours for Galen. But he was by nature a fighter. He attacked his enemies separately and suddenly.

He appeared one day with a paper, in masterly style, exposing the Dogmatists. He advocated putting muzzles on them as a means of checking the epidemic of hydrophobia and intellectual rabies from which the Empire was suffering at the time. By so doing, he executed a master political stroke in the camp of his enemies. The Methodists came over to his side. The National Association of Winegrowers and the Vinicultural League naturally opposed him, but the stroke had been too sudden, and the Dogmatists were effectually muzzled.

The Pneumatists and the Eclectics, however, remained in a very strong position. But once again his

superb strategy came to Galen's aid. He simply ignored them. And such was his popularity and personal following, that he literally took all their business away. And even a Pneumatist cannot live only on air.

The Methodists he left alone. And so great an example of his prowess had he given his adversaries, that from that time forth an armed peace continued to exist by common consent, with Galen as dictator. And the humoral pathology of Hippocrates, as modified by him, became the accepted order of the day. "The most remarkable man of his age," Marcus Aurelius said of him. "He would have made a great soldier!" It is regrettable that he should have died in obscurity, even the date of his demise being uncertain, as is the place of his burial. Some say that he is not dead; that he lives on, continuing his lifelong fight against untruth, bigotry and hypocrisy, and if this be true there is still a great field open, and not a few willing to help in the work.

Following this period of the Golden Age of Rome, medicine and surgery entered upon the beginning of the Dark Ages. Rome was again and again invaded by barbarian hordes from the North. These uncouth persons had no liking for nor tolerance of the arts in any of their branches. To them a nordic was a nordic and a southic a southic, so they destroyed and slew and ravaged one and all without regard to race, creed or political status. And the age grew darker and darker. Soon it was so dark that writing of any sort became impossible and study out of the question.

And in this deplorable state we must leave this out-

line for lack of available material to carry it further, but in the hope that it may have stimulated some at least of its readers to a renewed interest in an almost forgotten period of medicine and surgery.

VERMIFORM APPENDIX

Since it is barely possible that one or another of my readers may be sufficiently far removed from his or her former exercise of the Greek language as to make the reading of the herein contained Greek texts a matter of irksomeness, the author begs to append his own translations of the same. He does not guarantee their literary merit, nor insist upon their accuracy; he does, however, represent that if not literary, they are at least literal.

Preface for the Intelligentsia, Not Excluding Doctors

To those of you to whom these letters shall come, greeting: It is, perhaps, to be expected that you should approach this work in too serious and too critical a state of mind. We have not so intended, nor do we so advise. But, as we know your habit to be both serious and critical at all times, it occurred to us that in reading this title you might reasonably expect to discover herein material other than you shall find.

And as we abhor deception and false dealing, we hereby highly resolve that you, whose criticism and ill will we seek chiefly to avoid, shall be forewarned. Yet we say no more that your enjoyment of the following letters be not abated. *Verb. sap.* we hold still to be

sufficient, even though as now it appear in sheep's clothing.

In the main we seek to test whether this nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" has degenerated to the level claimed by numerous of our more articulate and pneumonic but not necessarily cerebrate pastors would have us believe.

We would know whether the humoral conceptions of a former age have been irrevocably replaced by the humorless convictions of a later one. We would further know whether "this nation or any nation so conceived can long endure" the continued and weighty oppression of hypocritical righteousness which devastates the soul of man more fearsomely than civil war.

We maintain, O Upright Sirs, the material set forth herein to be not one-half so preposterous as that which has been adjudged authentic by much more learned pens, and accepted by vastly more informed scholars.

Much that we have written may be true. We do not know. But we have not permitted this possibility to abate our purpose. And to those of you who doubt our good faith, we say, "Tush." No more.

Go your ways in peace, O Upright Sirs, and know that till this hand be stilled, it shall not cease to labor that pride, vain glory and hypocrisy shall perish from the earth.

Note 1. The reason for the rather striking drop in production noted in year 4 has been attributed to the

very slight rainfall coupled with the large surplus of year 3.

Note 2. A rather unusual use of the gerund. The translation should be, "I have a poor business head," and not, "Business has gone to the dogs."

Note 3. Adferebantur is here used instead of auferebantur you will note at once. The reason is not clear.

Note 4:

My very best friend is my stomach.
A source of great joy and delight.
I push it around in the daytime,
And often far into the night.
And such are the beauties of friendship,
That though I've abused it for years,
It merrily greets me at morning
And bravely smiles up through its tears.

Note 5. Shortsightedness or myopia gravis was very prevalent among the Turks about the second and third centuries B. C. The reader is referred in this connection to the excellent French work on that subject, *"La Vue basse en Turquie"* of Mollet.

Note 6. *"Karthago delenda est."* Scipio Africanus said this in a moment of petulance. Its meaning of course is that it would be much better if all cathartics were done away with. He was by nature a very violent man.

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